Princess and Hair Metal by Bisexual_on_the_go

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Summary:

An apology, an afternoon spent doing Erica Sinclair's hair, and showing up to Steve's after his dad kicked him out. It was very unsual behavior for Billy. But not as unusual behavior than what happened at Steve's house.

Princess and Hair Metal

"You're watching her tonight," Neil said threateningly, "If she wants to go somewhere, you go too. You have to be with her the entire time."

Billy shook his head along to his fathers words.

"Are we clear!" Neil said loudly.

"Yes sir," Billy said obediently.

The beating he got last was enough to last weeks. After he came home late with Max, needing to be driven because if whatever they stuck in his neck his dad was furious. He now had to watch Max and really take care of her.

Their parents left and Billy flopped onto the couch. He started flipping channels on the tv. Max went to her room, she was talking to her friends on the walkie talkie they gave her. Billy could hear her talking, he new that he would have to take her to hang out with her friends. He wasn't on the best of terms with her friends, he knew he needed to apologize, he also knew he wouldn't.

"Drive me to Lucas'?" Max said less like a question and more like a statement.

"I'm sure his parents would love me being at their house, because I'm not allowed to leave you alone," Billy said.

"Steve's babysitting," Max said, "He'll be fine if you apologize."

"I'm not gonna fucking apologize," Billy said angrily.

"Why not," Max said, "You have to realize that what you did was wrong."

"Apologizing is for pussys," he said, repeating something he had heard his father say many times when he had done something wrong.

"If you would rather have me tell your dad about you attacking a

little boy then that's fine. But if you'd rather me not then just apologize," Max she knew it was cheap to threaten him with that but she didn't care.

"Fine, lets go," Billy grumbled in defeat.

They got in the Camaro silently then sat there for a minute. Starting in silence.

"If you're gonna make me apologize to all your freak friends then I guess I'll apologize to you too," Billy said, "But sincerely, I apologize for being a dick...acting like him."

Max didn't know what to say. She was surprised. She wanted to tell him that he didn't act like his dad, but she wasn't sure if it was true or not. All she managed to say was, "It's ok."

The drove silently the rest of the ride there. It was strange since Billy almost never drove without blaring music. The got to the Sinclair's and parked. Billy took a few deep breaths before getting out of the car. Max went straight inside. Billy froze in the doorway, staring at Steve.

"What the hell are you doing here, Hargrove," Steve said keeping the state of hatred going.

"I have to be with Max to keep an eye on her as some sort of punishment from my dad," Billy said, "But I guess I'm also here to apologize."

"Yeah, ok," Steve said.

"So, uh. Sorry for beating the living shit out of you. I was pissed and I just needed to hit something," Billy said awkwardly.

"And that something just happened to be my face?" Steve asked angrily.

"Well it was there, and it just so damn punchable," Billy said trying to lighten the mood.

"You really need to apologize to Lucas and the rest of the kids," Steve

said.

"Where are they?" Billy asked.

"Follow me," Steve said, waving for him to come along.

Billy once again stood frozen in a door way. The guy didn't apologize, but he was to damn scared of his kid sister and his dad not to.

"The hell is he doing here?" Dustin asked.

"I'm here cause I have to stay with Max all night," Billy said, "And I was gonna apologize and stuff. So...umm...sorry for the outburst at Byers. I had no right to go after Lucas. I was angry and took out my anger in the wrong way. I hope that you can forgive me at some point. So...I'm really sorry. I feel really bad about it and I'm really happy that none of you freaks got hurt."

Billy quickly left the doorway. Rubbing his head and his neck anxiously. Stupid fucking apologies, there so weird and annoying. He walked down the wall and hit his head off a wall.

"What his his deal," Erica asked Steve.

"He's terrible with his feelings," Steve said.

Billy groaned into the wall.

Erica laughed and poked him, "I was gonna make Steve do my hair because his is so nice but yours is better so you should help him do it."

"Sure kid," Billy laughed, ruffling her hair.

She lead them to the bathroom and got out all of the hair stuff. Steve and Billy tediously took product and put it in her hair making all the curls look perfect before using hair spray to put it in place.

"Kid, your hair looks great," Steve said, "but that was too much work!"

"I'm gonna go play barbies," Erica said, "You guys are boring."

"I guess we're boring now," Steve said while cleaning up.

"You've been boring for a while now, King Steve," Billy joked.

"Yeah," Steve said, "Sure."

"Well, are we good now?" Billy asked.

"Not good, but ok," Steve said smiling.

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That Saturday Billy's dad was angry, and frankly Billy had felt like shit about himself so he kept making his dad angrier. He beat the shit out of Billy and then kicked him out of the house. Billy's was completely bruised on one side and his eye on that side was swollen. His nose and mouth were bleeding and his torso and arms were covered in bruises. He thinks his shoulder might be bleeding a bit but he doesn't know. He gets in his car and starts driving. He doesn't realize where he's going until he gets there. He goes and knocks on the door of the house.

"Hargrove what are you doing here?" "Steve asked, "What the happened to you?"

"Just let me in, King Steve," Billy said, trying to hard to be tough.

"Aren't we over the king thing yet?" Steve asked.

"Would you rather me call you princess?" Billy asked.

"I give up with you," Steve said.

"Ok, princess," Billy said.

"Your shoulders bleeding," Steve said, "I'm sure you've noticed that you face is too."

"Yeah," Billy said.

Steve grabbed a first aid kit from the top of the fridge, "Get your shirt of so I can clean you up."

Billy struggled to take of his shirt, wincing as he did it. He was obviously in a lot of pain. Steve leaned forward to help but then retreated.

"You just need washed off, get your shoulder bandaged a little bit, get in some clean clothes, and put something cold on your face," Steve said.

Billy fell forward. Steve caught him and put him in the couch. Billy was really out of it. Like, really, out of it.

"You're gonna need some help with all that," Steve said, "I'll go run a bath."

Billy got up, wincing as he did, "I'm fine!" he said.

"Sit down before you hurt yourself more, hair metal," Steve said, going to draw a bath and get Billy out some clothes.

"Don't you have any parents, princess?" Billy asked.

"Their never here," Steve said.

"And your not always throwing parties?" Billy asked.

"Been there, done that," Steve said, "Know you need to bath."

Steve helped Billy upstairs and into the bath. He silently washed the blood of of Billy's fave and shoulders. He then got some shampoo and started washing Billy's hair. He then helped him out of the bath and into sweats and a tshirt.

Steve put Billy back on the couch and grabbed a bag of peas from the freezer, "How are you holding up?" he asked.

"Good enough that you don't need to baby me, princess," Billy said.

"Oh shut up, hair metal," Steve said, "You're gonna hurt yourself more if you try doing anything yourself."

Steve placed the bag of peas on Billy's face. His stay close to Billy's. Billy lifted his head up and connected their lip. It made Steve drop

the peas and instead use his hand to cradle Billy's head. His other hand moved to Billy's waste. Billy's own arms wrapped around Steve. They kissed slow and soft until Billy pulled back, they were both still holding each other.

"I'm better now, princess," Billy said.

"I'm glad, hair metal," Steve said.

"But seriously, Harrington, tell anyone and your dead," Billy said, connected there lips once more, this time it became deeper and more intense, more of what you'd expect from Billy.

This time Steve pulled away, "Let's get the peas on your face and get to bed," he said, "You can have guest room or..."

"I'll share with you, princess," Billy said.

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That morning Steve woke up with Billy sleeping on his chest. He didn't move until Billy started waking up. He looked too peaceful to be disturbed. So when he started waking up, Steve snuck out to take a shower and start on breakfast.

Billy came down stairs, "Didn't think you could cook, Harrington," he said.

"No one else is ever home," Steve said, "Someone has to cook and I'm the only one ever here."

"I bet it'll still taste like shit," Billy said.

"I forgot about all your experience in shit eating," Steve said.

"Just make some fucking pancakes," Billy said, smiling and grabbing a cup of coffee, kissing Steve on the cheek on his way through the kitchen.

Steve wasn't sure what he had with Billy, they weren't even really friends but they wee still more than that. Steve's he didn't know what he had with Billy but he loved it. He was excited but fearful from the

future, but the thing that excite and scare you always seem to be the most fun.